

## Learning the Ropes

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# Learning the Ropes

by [HaroThar](#)

## Summary

As always this is about the roleplay characters, not the actual human entertainers.

Years after his emancipation and subsequent emotional journey, Ranboo decides he actually kinda likes the idea of being tied up. And who better than his best friend/almost-fiancee/whatever the two of them are, to help him with that.

## Notes

A solid half of you are gonna insist this isn't platonic and you know something? I've made my peace with that. Anyway, bone app the teeth

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Tubbo slid the silky rope through the loop at the front of Ranboo's neck and tugged it so it was secure, though not tight.

"And you're *sure* your therapist said this was a good idea?"

"Mm, recontextualizing the traumatic event through a controlled, safe environment," Ranboo murmured, already feeling a little... floaty, he guessed he would call it? Tubbo's home was warm, and Ranboo was just in capris and a tank top, and the rope. He was safe, here. No one would harm him, it was just him and Tubbo; Tubbo, who he trusted with his very life. With his soul. With *this*. He was on his knees in front of the bed, Tubbo sitting on the edge and winding the soft rope around him again, stopping frequently to look at the diagram drawn in the book that Tubbo had stolen from the library rather than ever to admit to having checked out.

Tubbo carefully gathered up Ranboo's hair and laid it over his shoulder, winding the rope around to his back again and fiddling with more stuff there. His hair had gotten pretty long, down past his shoulder blades, while Tubbo's remained the same boyish cut he'd kept since they were teens. Though perhaps his was also getting long, as he blew a lock of pale gold out of his face, the thin strands floating in a way that made Ranboo blink lazily with a contented chirp.

Tubbo paused in what he was doing and looked at Ranboo, then snorted and bonked his knuckles against Ranboo's forehead gently. "Sit up straight or I'm going to tie these wrong."

Ranboo let out a little trill and did as he was told, eyes slipping closed again as he just felt Tubbo's hands on the rope and his back. It was a uniquely soothing sensation, to just sit with his friend and get tied up.

"And you're *absolutely certain* that this is, like, okay?"

"Mhm. It is. I've done something like this with Techno and Phil, a couple times."

"Really?" Tubbo asked incredulously.

"Not as intricate. The ropes are new. But, kneeling, being small and obedient, doing it with somebody trustworthy is different; it feels nice. They don't like it though, so they only did it to try and once because I had a really bad panic attack they needed to calm me out of."

"Well that makes me feel slightly better. You're not panicking now, right?"

"Nope! All clear, bossman."

Tubbo giggled. "Hey, that's my nickname! You're stealing my nicknames?"

"Mhm. Mine now."

"Big words for a guy I have literally tied up right now." Heheh. Lichrally. Ranboo loved how Tubbo pronounced things. "I think I'm done with the rope, by the way. The book says that

was the last step, so I'm going to put away this diagram now.”

The book was... intended for usages that Ranboo and Tubbo would not be engaging in. No judgment! Just not their personal type of relationship. The rope tying, though, Ranboo had wanted it since he'd first encountered it, rifling through the library in search of other types of recreational activities (Puffy was still being adamant about him acquiring “hobbies” and “interests” and “branching out” and “trying new things just to see if he liked them.” Pfft).

Ranboo wriggled a little in his bonds, testing for weak points and making sure all his fingers and toes still had bloodflow in them. “It *feels* fine,” he stated, twisting a bit, his tail wagging out behind him in a way that could've been for balance, might've been just because he was having a little fun testing the rope. “I think it's good.”

“Okay. Let me know if you think it isn't and I can redo it.”

“Yeah,” Ranboo said, fairly distracted, squirming around in his spot. His arms were unusable, tied wrist to elbow behind his back, though his tail and legs were left free, and the rope had been braided—braided?—in a pretty diamond pattern down his front.

“You still want this?”

Dangling from Tubbo's finger, held in front of him so he could see it, was the simple, plain leather collar Ranboo had fashioned for himself. He'd done it while Techno and Phil were out of the house; it wasn't that he thought he was doing something *wrong*, just that he knew it was something they disliked and were uncomfortable with. It was a deep green, dark as aged pine, a color Tubbo had suggested on a whim and Ranboo had worked to make the dark brown leather take.

In lieu of answering, Ranboo tilted his head back so it rested on Tubbo's knees and closed his eyes, his throat exposed.

Tubbo let out a huff of air and secured the collar carefully, gently, around Ranboo's throat. It was made for him specifically, for this specifically, so there was only one hole, one tightness setting, no way for Tubbo to possibly get it wrong. Even so, he made a happy little noise at how it fit perfectly, and vocalized again when Tubbo clipped the leash to it.

“Alright bossman, you're all dolled up.”

Ranboo opened his eyes with an almost sleepy smile. If it had been any other day, at any other time, he might have pointed out to Tubbo that calling him “boss” man kind of defeated the purpose of playing at master and slave, but Ranboo didn't really feel like it right then. He felt floaty and slightly lethargic. Tubbo brushed a hand against Ranboo's cheek and he turned into it, closing his eyes and nuzzling into his palm.

“You good?”

“Yessir.”

Tubbo snorted. “It's weird to hear you call me that.”

Ranboo's tongue was too slow to come up with any kind of response to that, and before he could think through it Tubbo had stood and rounded in front of him, Ranboo's leash in his hands. He gave it a small tug, and Ranboo sat upright, at attention, eye's on his master's hands and waiting for the order, in word or deed.

“Can you stand up on your own like this?”

Ranboo immediately tried. One failed attempt had him half-falling against the edge of Tubbo's bed, and that wasn't standing, so he slowed down and tried again. Got on his knees, planted one foot, and rose that way. Okay. Good. He made a little hum and nodded once, pleased with his restricted mobility that didn't leave him *entirely* immobile, and his own miniature success.

Tubbo, however, was laughing, the leash held limply in one hand as he guffawed at Ranboo's fumbling. “It's like watching new foals!”

Ranboo must've pulled a face because Tubbo just started laughing even harder. Then he pulled Ranboo down by the leash, forced to bend (he didn't kneel, assuming Tubbo wouldn't want that since he'd literally just stood up) at the waist so Tubbo could reach his short little arms up and ruffle Ranboo's hair with both hands.

Ranboo gave a small, surprised noise of protest—that was going to take *ages* to comb back out!—but his tail wagged hesitantly at how Tubbo snickered.

“I always want to do that.”

“I know, sir.”

“And now you have to let me because I'm in charge and I can do anything I want,” Tubbo chimed smugly.

“Yessir.” Ranboo bent a little lower and offered his hair for further ruffling, even though he didn't care for the messy sensation, because Tubbo liked it and Ranboo was feeling *very* eager to please. Tubbo did indeed stick a hand into the hair at Ranboo's nape and get that tousled and messy, also, so Ranboo's previously sleek and well combed hair was now allllll sticky up and wild.

But if that was what made his master happy, Ranboo was happy, himself, to comply.

“And now I just... drag you around the house?” Tubbo asked uncertainly. They'd agreed beforehand that neither of them wanted to do anything that would involve going outside (and certainly not while Ranboo was tied up, at that), and all the windows were shuttered and the doors locked. It was just them in Tubbo's cozy little home.

“If you like, sir,” Ranboo said, now also realizing that for all they'd talked about this, they miiiiight've forgotten to think certain aspects through. Ranboo'd been mostly focused on getting tied up and bossed around a little. They had not actually thought of any bossing for Tubbo to do. Well maybe he could do chores, but not with his arms behind his back, and—oh.

A tug on the leash pulled Ranboo out of his thoughts, his attention snapping back to his small friend, and he stepped forward with the pull. Following obediently. When Tubbo stopped, Ranboo stopped, too floaty to feel inquisitive at the pause, just watching Tubbo with his mismatched eyes with a shallow wagging of his tail and waiting to see what his master would order next.

“Oh.” Tubbo sounded shocked. Maybe a little unnerved. Ranboo tilted his head, but stayed quiet, waiting, expecting. “That. Hm. Well, that can go into the repression box. Come on then.”

Ranboo did make a curious little sound at that cryptic line of out-loud thinking, but another pull on his leash had him following dutifully after Tubbo, carefully down the stairs (he hadn’t realized how much his feelings of security dwindled without the use of his hands) to the couch where Tubbo paused, and looked at him.

Ranboo looked back, then lowered his eyes deferentially, waiting for the next order, the next tug of his leash, the next time Tubbo reached out and touched him.

Tubbo plopped down on the couch and pointed to the floor in front of him. “Kneel.”

Ranboo went, making a pleased noise in the back of his throat at the authority in the demand, and in its content. He liked kneeling.

Tubbo giggled, covering his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Lie down.”

Ranboo did, sprawled out on Tubbo’s comfortable carpet, tail curling lazily and his messy hair falling all over and into his eye. He blew at it.

Tubbo was laughing harder, trying valiantly to hide it. His shoulders were still shaking though. “Roll—roll over,” he got out, trembling with mirth. Ranboo wasn’t sure if he should only roll by half so he was facing away from the couch, or do a full 360, but he liked looking at Tubbo so he did the full entire roll.

Tubbo lost his fight with his own laughter and burst into full body guffaws, Ranboo’s tail waving and bapping against the carpet as Tubbo had his fun.

“Sit!”

Ranboo sat up, tossing his head so his hair was slightly less in his face.

“Shake!” Tubbo ordered with a gleefully outstretched hand.

Ranboo didn’t even think about it before he tried to obey, but was thwarted by the rope. Ah yes. That was there. The entire point of them doing this. He frowned, puzzled.

“Sir,” he protested, ever so mildly, straining against his bonds and wiggling. It was actually really fun to wriggle and twist and not have even the slightest ability to get out. Strangely thrilling.

“C’mon, bossman, shake,” Tubbo teased, grinning a little meanly now, waving his hand like Ranboo could’ve missed that it was extended towards him. Ranboo huffed.

Uhhhhh. Okay. Shake. Ranboo could use his foot? Except, eugh, that was still a really sensitive body part that he still didn’t like other people touching. Uhhhhhm. Oh! Okay.

He got up onto his knees and shuffle shuffle shuffled around so his back was to Tubbo, and leaned back until he felt Tubbo’s hand on his back. He leaned and angled himself until he got his hand into Tubbo’s, who was Not Moving Very Unhelpfully Ranboo might add, and gave it a squeeze.

Haha! He did it! He felt a little proud of that.

“Good boy,” Tubbo said, offhanded, and Ranboo felt an entire piece of his brain just light up like a glowstone. Good??? Good boy???? Good Ranboo boy???? Him???? He was good boy!?!?!

Tubbo laughed again at the gleeful, chirpy noises Ranboo was making and cupped his chin from behind, tilting his head back and kissing his forehead while his tail wagged (or, well, bonked repeatedly against the couch and Tubbo’s ankle). “Yeah? That’s working for you bossman?”

“Yessir!”

Tubbo snorted and snickered again, nuzzling haphazardly into Ranboo’s already messified hair. Ranboo squinted his eyes shut and tried to nuzzle back, awkward at his angle. This was really fun! Oh he was so glad Tubbo had agreed to this.

“Okay, now stand up!”

Ranboo got up a little more gracefully than he had the first time, more or less knowing what to do now, and tossed his hair again, which was difficult to keep out of his face without the use of his hands.

“Now do—” Tubbo cut off in a tittering of giggles, hiding his grin behind the back of his hand, “Now do the hokey-pokey,” he ordered, which did not come out like an order due to the aforementioned giggling. Ranboo looked down at his own feet in his perplexion.

Uhhhh.

“Uh. Yada da HA yahdahada haaaa,” he ‘sang,’ not on any particular key, as he just sorta... shuffle shuffled his feet around and gave little kicks. He was *horribly* awkward, but Tubbo seemed to be enjoying it. At the very least he was gripping his sides and laughing.

“Okay! Okay! Nowww, hold still,” Tubbo said, and Ranboo gladly stopped his awkward ‘dancing.’ He waited, attentive, for what came next.

Tubbo gathered himself and stood, circling around Ranboo contemplatively with a little hum. Ranboo twisted his head to watch, but didn’t turn, keeping himself still for his master to peruse.

“You know, the rope pattern we chose looks kind of like a ladder,” Tubbo mused aloud. Ranboo looked down at his chest, and yes, he supposed it did. A ladder with diamonds down the middle, but he could absolutely see where Tubbo would make that—HEY!

“Sir!” he yelped, as Tubbo grabbed the “rungs” and proceeded to hoist himself up *onto Ranboo!*

“Hold still, hold still!” Tubbo ordered gleefully, planting a foot on Ranboo’s thigh, slipping, replanting it on his hip, and hauling himself higher, climbing Ranboo like a particularly disgruntled tree.

To his credit, Ranboo did try to hold still, but that was hard when he had one whole entire person hanging off him and physically scaling up to his shoulders, Ranboo swaying and staggering with the added weight and Tubbo’s constant motion.

When Tubbo finally swung his legs over Ranboo’s shoulders he lifted his arms aloft with a proud “woohoo!” and promptly banged his knuckles on the ceiling.

“Sir, I don’t think this is advisable,” Ranboo tried as Tubbo snatched his hands back down and rubbed at the sore spot.

“No, no, I know exactly what I’m doing. Now,” Tubbo gripped a handful of Ranboo’s hair (a little harsh, but nothing painful) and pointed towards the kitchen, “forward, my gangly steed!”

Ranboo sighed, but had little choice in the matter. Tubbo didn’t seem to understand why they kept struggling each and every single time they passed through a doorway. He also didn’t seem to have a destination in mind, just taking Ranboo in circles through the main level of his house (Ranboo was *not* going to try stairs while he was already this off-balance, no way, and fortunately Tubbo seemed to understand that also).

When they finally rounded back to the couch and Ranboo “kneeled” so he could dismount they both went careening forward with the odd weight and Tubbo fortunately landed on the couch, giggling incorrigibly.

But Ranboo had pleased his master, and there was a glowy little *satisfaction* at that.

“This is fun. We should do this all the time.”

“If you want, Master,” Ranboo agreed mildly, and Tubbo’s breath hitched a little. Ranboo tilted his head, leaning in so he was closer, and Tubbo just caressed his face.

“It’s nothing, don’t worry about it bossman. Stay put.”

Tubbo got up and Ranboo frowned slightly as he was then left alone at the foot of the couch, confused why Tubbo was going back upstairs, but his troubles vanished when he saw Tubbo carrying a hairbrush. His tail immediately began to wag, his ears twitching up, and he let out a happy little vocalization as Tubbo plunked back down on the couch and indicated for Ranboo to shuffle so he was between Tubbo’s legs. Ranboo very happily put himself there,

slouching so his arms weren't caught right on the lip of the couch, and chirped at the first touch of the brush.

"Figured I'd left your hair a mess for long enough. I'm surprised you didn't complain about it, honestly."

"Mmm. You're in charge, sir, you get to make the decisions."

And this master knew that Ranboo was proud of his hair, viewed its growth almost like a representation of his own, and kept it neat and well maintained quite purposefully. This master decided to gently brush through it, after he'd been the one to mess it up. This master teased, but wouldn't cut or burn or hurt Ranboo if he acted up.

It really was just the most fascinating sensation.

Here he was, tied up, unable to lift a hand to help himself. Vulnerable. Submissive. At the mercy and the whims of a man who (at least pretended to) own him. He was getting everything his brain had, even after years, been craving: to be put entirely out of control. To kneel, to obey. And yet it came with none of the feelings Ranboo used to associate with this sort of dynamic. He wasn't scared. He wasn't eager to please so he could avoid further pain. He wasn't hurting at all. Hell, he wasn't even *anxious*.

He was calm. He was safe. He was sitting on the floor of his best friend's house getting his hair brushed for him while all tied up in a way that tickled his brain nicely. Indulgence without risk.

"You seem pretty pleased there, bossman," Tubbo remarked as he passed the brush through Ranboo's hair.

"I am, sir. I'm very happy." He tried to nuzzle against Tubbo's knee, with debatable success, and Tubbo just chuckled and tilted Ranboo's head back so he could keep brushing it. With every pass of the brush Ranboo became less "half enderman" and more "puddle of vocalizing goop." He let out soft vwoops and little rumbling noises and happy chitters and Tubbo just let him make his little noises, brushing through his hair and occasionally pausing to scratch his fingers across Ranboo's head.

The soft bristles of the brush passed across his scalp, not scratchy but the delightful sensation of the light scratch making Ranboo vocalize softly. The bristles passed down, through his hair, flattening the mess Tubbo had raised, down to the tips that felt, to Ranboo's mind, to suddenly tighten before the sudden tension's release as the brush slipped free entirely, and then it was back to his scalp again. Repetitive. Soothing. A kind touch for a pampered slave. If he'd felt floaty while getting tied up, right then he was absolutely weightless, suspended in clouds of soft bristles and warm, small hands.

Ranboo hadn't even been aware that he was leaning on Tubbo's leg, head pillowled on his thigh and tail waving, until Tubbo suddenly moved and Ranboo found the thing he was leaning on *no longer there*. He went all the way down, flopping onto the rug with a startled yelp, legs kickling out in a futile attempt to counterbalance himself before he wiggled back up to sitting, Tubbo laughing and helping him simultaneously.

“Sorry, sorry, ahahah! Didn’t realize you were *that* out of it!”

“Sorry sir...” Ranboo mumbled, blinking hard and trying to gather his bearings. It helped that Tubbo was laughing, warm and bright and solid behind him, his little hands on Ranboo’s shoulders, steadyng him. Ranboo twisted around so he was perpendicular to the couch and looked up at Tubbo, once again awaiting what he would decide to do next, grounding himself on his giggling friend.

“You good?”

“Yessir,” Ranboo said, smiling. He was good. He was also *being* good, nice and well behaved.

“Your arms feeling alright? Want to keep going?”

Ranboo wiggled around in his bonds some more. He still had all his bloodflow, his shoulders didn’t feel particularly sore or anything, he was still enjoying the sensation of being bound, unable to escape.

“I’d like to keep going, sir, if that’s alright?”

“Sure. Come up on the couch and lay down, though, you can doze if you want to.”

Ranboo got himself hefted up onto the couch without use of his hands and laid with his head pillowled on Tubbo’s thigh, warm little fingers immediately carding through his hair and toying with the newly brushed locks. Ranboo let out a *very* happy noise at that.

Tubbo then, as Tubbo was wont to do, started prattling at length about various interests of his, allowing himself to flow naturally from one tangent to the next tangent to the next tangent before remembering the point he’d been trying to make and backtracking before splitting off on another, different tangent from before. Ranboo let the words wash over him as his hair was played with, something to keep Tubbo’s hands busy while he spoke.

Ranboo did doze, slightly. Not a full doze, not exactly, but he sank back down to that boneless, weightless place that turned him into goo pudding.

He hovered there, warm and safe and bound by rope and his master’s order, buffeted sweetly by his best friend’s meandering words and freed from the worries that would, without the restraints, ensnare him.

“You know, it’s kind of like having a really giant cat,” Tubbo mentioned, the tone just different enough from the rest of his rambling that Ranboo gave a warbly little vwoop.  
“You’re all snuggly and shit.”

Proving his point, Ranboo stretched out his neck to nuzzle against Tubbo’s belly, tail flopping up in a high arc before bapping back down against the floor, and he let out another happy little noise.

“I need to start thinking about what I’m going to eat, though, and your shoulders and arms probably need let out even if you feel okay.”

Mm. That was. Probably fair. Ranboo forced himself to sit up on the couch and offered his back to Tubbo, who was able to pull the rope off him much quicker than getting the rope on him had gone. Ranboo stretched out his arms and rolled his shoulders slowly, testing for soreness, and there was some, but he was largely okay. He was a very bendy noodle boy, after all.

Okay.

Time to be a person again.

He shifted on the couch and leaned his weight down on one hand so he could bend and bonp his forehead against Tubbo's, then left them there a moment.

"Thanks for all of this, I had a really good time."

"Yeah? I'm glad. Was it everything you were hoping it would be?"

"Mhm!" Ranboo got up from the couch with a big stretch, having to be careful not to knock his own knuckles against the ceiling. "That felt really nice! I liked how I couldn't wiggle free even a little bit, and I liked you bossing me around."

"That's good," Tubbo said, glancing away from Ranboo when he listed how he liked being ordered about.

"Did you have fun?" Ranboo asked, more just to ask *something* at the somewhat odd reaction. Ranboo knew he did, he'd heard all the laughter. (But also, at the same time, there was that little voice in the back of his head telling him he'd asked for too much, that he'd been a *bother* to his companion).

"I liked making you do the hokey pokey," Tubbo said, and Ranboo snorted with a grand rolling of his eyes.

"I bet you did. All your orders were goofy."

"But I don't normally get to do that stuff, so it was fun," Tubbo said, and as though to prove his point he went up on tiptoes with a hand outstretched to mess up Ranboo's hair again.

"Oh no you don't!" Ranboo laughed, bapping Tubbo's hand away, who pouted.

"But it's so fun to mess it up!"

"Absolutely not. Keep your tiny demon hands away from my *very nicely brushed* hair."

"C'mon bossman, bend down and let me mess it again."

"No." Ranboo stuck his tongue out and hedged away. "I am going to the bathroom, thank you very much."

Tubbo whined something as Ranboo closed the door on him, and Ranboo chuckled to himself. Good. This was more familiar ground, the two messing around and having fun.

But when he came back out of the bathroom, Tubbo was looking troubled again, staring at the discarded leash now held between his hands.

“Tubbo?” Tubbo jumped a little and his head jerked up to look at Ranboo. “You’re sure you’re good?”

Tubbo opened his mouth, but then frowned. Closed it.

“I don’t... know, Ranboo.”

Ranboo wasted no time scooping up his tiny friend and resettling them on the couch, getting a little noise of protest as Tubbo was lifted and then plenty of squirming as they found a good position for them both on the couch, one much taller and ganglier than the other.

Tubbo huffed.

“I feel weird.”

“Weird how?” Ranboo asked, bending to bump their heads together again, eyeing the leash still held in Tubbo’s hands.

“I... really liked that.”

“Okay,” Ranboo prompted, and when Tubbo remained quiet: “Good.”

“No, like, I *really* liked that. I enjoyed having you tied up and on a leash and obeying me.”

“I liked it too,” Ranboo said, not getting the point Tubbo was trying to make.

“No, I, you have a reason to like that, I’m—you’re not getting it,” Tubbo clipped, frustrated, and Ranboo tilted his head with an inquisitive noise.

“I’m not, no. Why would you enjoy this be a bad thing?”

“Because I was tying you up and giving you orders!”

Ranboo stared at his friend for a long moment.

“Tubbo... what do you *actually* mean when you say that?”

It was a question Puffy asked him with relative frequency, when he was struggling to voice the root of the issue at hand.

Tubbo buried his face in his palms.

“Doesn’t liking that make me no different from your *actual* master? The one that hurt you?”

Ah.

“I don’t think so—”

“But it’s the same emotion, right? Getting high on power? What if he started out like me, but then he did this sort of stuff and he just went down the shitter about it? What if *I* do!?”

“Tubbo. Breathe.”

“...Shit,” Tubbo swore quietly, leaning into Ranboo’s chest. Ranboo hugged him close.

“Tubbo, you’re not bad for liking the thing that I *also* like. It—”

“But it’s *different* for you.”

“It’s different for you, too,” Ranboo insisted. “Would you have enjoyed it if I had been distressed?”

“Of course not!”

“Well there you go.” Ranboo kissed the top of Tubbo’s little blond head. “Already you are *leagues* different from him. This is just... a game, for us. It’s safe and fun and we get to mess around. I know you’d never hurt me. And I know you won’t make me do things I *actually* don’t want to do. You’re allowed to have fun with the thing that I already really, really, really want.”

Tubbo huffed and curled in against Ranboo further, and Ranboo propped his chin on Tubbo’s skull.

“It’s probably better, that you like it, instead of just tolerating it for my sake. I know Phil and Techno *hate* it. They’ve only done it for me twice and one of those times was to calm me down from the middle of a panic attack and they just absolutely *loathed* every second of it. But they did it for me,” Ranboo tacked on, with a quiet twist of affection for the men that had rescued him, for his family back home in the snow. “I don’t ask them to help me with this cause I know it sucks for them. It’s a *good thing* that it doesn’t suck for you.”

“I guess,” Tubbo said musingly.

The two sat quietly on the couch together, each of them wrapped in their own thoughts.

Finally Tubbo gave Ranboo’s skinny little body an extra tight squeeze. “It *was* fun though. I felt kind of awkward for some of it, cause I didn’t really know what I was doing, but I had a good time.”

Ranboo kissed his hair again, tail wagging. “I’m glad! Maybe next time we can do a little more planning on what we wanna do while I’m tied up so you don’t feel as stilted.”

Tubbo snorted. “Was it obvious?”

“Sometimes,” Ranboo answered with a simple honesty. “But it was still fun, so we’re all good.”

“Yeah.” Tubbo bonked him on the chin, making Ranboo yelp. “I really am going to go make food now.”

“You know if you keep headbutting people at random you’re gonna turn into a goat!”

Tubbo laughed brightly, getting up and grinning at Ranboo over his shoulder. “You say that like I don’t immediately want to do it even more, now!”

And for that, Ranboo stuck out his tongue.

End Notes

Comments appreciated!

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